
FLUTES
of
SUMMER

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Yours
In the love of
all things beautiful,
Osbert W. Warmingham

Oct. 22. 1928.

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Wrightman.

Flutes of summer

Flutes of Summer

FLUTES OF SUMMER

By

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To

JANE NATALIE

My Beloved Daughter

Who Through Twelve Summers

Of Happy Girlhood

Has Been To Me

A Song of Songs

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MATINS

The robin is
At morning song
Wake, O my heart,
And sing!

BRAHMA

Because He is
So very great,
He often is
Ineffably small,
Hiding Himself
In the subtle breath
Of a mignonette.

ICHABOD

Great ones of the past
Reduced
To their lowest common fact
Are handfuls of dust
In dusty tombs.

When thus I reduce
Thee, O Christ,
To a handful of ancient dust
In an ancient tomb
Of a far off land,
Let me write
On the portal of my soul,
Ichabod!

ECSTASY

Birdlike
I own the air and sky
Into which I upward fly,
Soaring . . . sensing . . . seeing . . .
Rapture breathing!

TRANSFIGURATIONS

Those golden dawns,—do you remember them?
  Those mornings when, as one, we watched the sun
Rise silently above the distant hills
  That separate the yonder from the here;
Rise, and in a haze of gold, transfigure
  All the forms that lurked till then in gloom;
Till, redolent with light, each separate thing
  Of all earth's vast and varied manyness
Grew manifest and bright, and all composed
  In one great whole of Beauty, manifold!

Did we not see and feel, without a word,
  The rare translucent wonder of it all,
Enunciated best in silence deep?
  And in those hours of wonderment serene,
As in some mood of mystic rapture rare,
  Did not our souls in ecstasy unite?
Ah Love! does not the Light Supernal break
  Thus, transfiguringly, through all the glooms
Of life, to lighten and compose the souls
  Of men, as we were lumined, you and I?

OVERTONES

The lake is quiet and gray today,
A tremulant silvery gray,
And sylvan slopes of dusky green
Lie, offsetting the silver sheen,
On the marge of the shimmering bay;
And a slant of the sun on the quivering gray
Is turning the trembles to diamond play,
To scintillant labyrinth play.

The sky is a delicate gray today,
A light fastidious gray,
Agleam where the sun through a filmy screen
Is falling aslant of the glimmering sheen
Of the translucent gray of the bay;
And shore and sky, far, far away,
Are overtoned in misty gray,
In softening solvent gray.

The boats that sail the bay today,
The sibilant silvery bay,
Are tinted and touched with silveriness,
Flickering vanishing nebulousness,
Caught from the tintillant bay;
On and on they shimmer and sway,
And faintly flickering, vanish away,
Like will-o-the-wisps at play.

Oh, eyes are agleam this radiant day,
This luminant lusterful day!
And soul is adream this silvery day,
Joyously dreaming in irrid'ent ways,
In colorful hyacinth ways!
For swiftly, to envisioning sight,
The somber shades of saddening life,
Are silvering through, — with Light.

ABSOLUTION

Love?
Let it be
Your Matins,
Vespers,
Litany!

AU MATIN

A new day in life is dawning for you,
My daughter; and even now its tender
Waking light is touching the distant hills
With pearly glow, elusively tinged
With lavender. And all your new-born dreams,
I know, are tangled gleams of wistful hopes
And fears, that vex you even while they thrill
Your heart with aching ecstacies. But, lay
Your trembling fears and tears aside, my child,
And let your heart in freedom learn to sing;
For lo! the Sun of Love is rising clear
Upon you, and with healing in his wing.

RUTH

Famine and want and exile afar,
And marriage and death and tears;
And two women, love bound, returning forlorn,
To widowhood's lingering years;
Then, summer on barley fields, harvest and song,
And love, — in maturity's morn;
The beneficent smile of the Lord over all,
And the cry of a babe, new-born!

So Judah, in love, with Mongol and Slav
And Teuton and Celt must unite,
That Obed and David and Jesus again
May be born with replenishing Light;
For the cry of a babe is the hope of a world
From cradle to cradle renewed;
Madonnahood ever is maidenhood's dower,
And infancy, — Infinitude!

MADONNAHOOD

I saw you when you held your infant son
  Before your face in all the rosy warmth
And glow of early motherhood, and heard
  The undertone of unforgotten pain
As, gazing on his face, you murmured low,
  "Oh, what a price to pay! . . What a price!"
And then you smiled, and kissed his baby cheeks,
  And added in a voice made light with joy,
"But you are worth it all, my boy, my boy!"

And then, I saw you, stricken hard with grief,
  Awaiting quietly the whispered word
That told you that your infant son was dead.
  And when you heard it, you rose up, and went
To him, and placed within his baby hand
  A little spray of flowers, sweet and white,
And looked up, through your silent tears, and smiled!

MEMORIES

Mary, name
As perfume sweet
As spikenard, spilled
On Jesus' feet.

MYSTERY

Blueness, softer
Than twilight skies;
Wonder, deeper
Than starlit night;
My baby's eyes!

RAISON d'ETRE

Because
This moving world
Is an exhaustless wonder
Folded in a heaven
Of living blue,
And God's great heart
Is love's eternal hunger, —
Therefore, you
Are you!

SANCTITIES

Alone, and clean, and sanctified within,
Should'st thou into the secret place of Friendship go;
As goes the Priest within the Holy Place
Of God, Most High!

And none of those who wait without
May understand the Mystery of Grace
Enacted there; nor thou, without profanity,
Disclose the secrets of that fellowship!

But, from thy face as from a dim lit fane, shall gleam
A hallowing light; and from thy lips shall fall
The benedictive words that reconcile the souls
Of men to Life, and Light, and Love, and God.

CHRISTMAS IN MAY

A Carol

It must have been in the month of May
Sing Nowell, Sing Gloria!
That Christ was born, O Happy day!
Sing In Excelsis Gloria!
For shepherds in the fields so bright
Did watch their flocks by day and night
When angel hosts in rapture-light
Sang *In Excelsis Gloria!*

Sing Nowell, Sing Gloria!
Sing Nowell, Sing Gloria!
Peace on earth!
Goodwill to men!
Sing Gloria, Sing Gloria!
Sing Gloria! Sing Gloria!
In Excelsis Gloria!

Not in the stress of a winter cold
Sing Nowell, Sing Gloria!
Did Wise Men visit Him of old;
Sing In Excelsis Gloria!
But following a starry light
That led through fields with May bedight
They found Him then, O wondrous sight!
Sing In Excelsis Gloria!

They shone, those stars of the Eastern skies!
Sing Nowell, Sing Gloria!
But could not shine as Mary's eyes!
Sing In Excelsis Gloria!
And all the songs of angels fair
Were not as rare as the quiet prayer
Of joy, that flooded Mary there!
Sing In Excelsis Gloria!

And all the gifts that the Wise Men brought,
Sing Nowell, Sing Gloria!
By fortune won, or wisdom wrought,
Sing In Excelsis Gloria!
Did pale before Him, every one,
As pale the stars before the sun!
For God gave us His Matchless Son!
Sing In Excelsis Gloria!

MYSTIC MINISTRIES

The wafted fragrance of a rose,
  The ecstasy of a lark,
The irridescent glow of dawn,
  The solemn awe of the dark:

The booming ocean's antiphons,
  The streamlet's limpid lute,
The grandeur of gigantic heights,
  The stars, in wonder, mute:

These are Nature's mistrelsies,
  Ethereal-sounding, rare;
These her variant artistries,
  Alluring, radiant, fair!

These her healing potencies,
  Redeeming every clime;
These her lucent prophecies
  Of Beauty All-Sublime!

Oh, happy they who wisely hear
  Earth's mystic minstrelsies,
And blessed they who deeply see
  Her truthful pageantries;

But Oh, alas, for blemished lives
  That feel no quickening thrill!
Alas, for souls insensate grown
  Through ugliness of will!

Inform us with Thy Beauty, Lord,
  That inner glow of Life,
Where all earth's mystic ministries
  May conflagrate in light;

Light that shall flush with radiancy
  Our commonplace of clay,
And bring our world of threnody
  To the rapture of Thy Day.

WINNEPESAUKEE

Where aerial clouds move aimlessly
  About the blue transparency
Of heaven, or pause in pendant folds
  O'er wooded hills and distant wolds;

Where limpid waves in lilting maze
  Dance round isles of chrysoprase;
And wooded marges, everywhere,
  Flash enchantments, unaware;

Where sunlit splendors dress the dawns
  In golden rose and lambent fawns;
And crown the closing hours of day
  With prismant lights at interplay;

Where amethystine evenings fall
  On mountain masses dim and tall;
Till darkness, shrouding earth in night,
  Brings heaven near in wonder-light;

Oh lake, most beautiful, most fair,
  Of thee I dream; — to thee repair
In fancy, when the heart is faint,
  To lift my soul above complaint.

PANSIES

For all their open and innocent ways
  And all their wide eyed wonderment,
Pansies are secretive flowers, my dear,
  And trustily hold in the shadowy folds
Of their warm and velvety loveliness,
  Thoughts, that only knowing ones discern;
And secrets, love, and love alone, may learn!

LONE PINE POINT

You chose for your base a granitic gneiss
A million centuries old, a lichened rock
Whose curving convolutions tell of shocks
In Appalachian Revolution borne,
And glacial movements turned with granite might.

Into its rifts you drove your clenching roots
And, drawing thence your virile sustenance
Through years of valiant growth, erected high
Your sturdy form in tousled strength and truth.

Bravely and well, in unremitting strife
With wind and wave, with heat and cold, you fought;
Asking no odds of Summer's smiting blasts

Or Winter's crushing holds; fought for a place
In the glowing sun, for the right to stand,
The right to be, in virtue of your own
Inherent destiny, a *pine*, — in grand Integrity!

'Tis thus you stand, a form
Of strength, brunted and bruised and lone;
With shaggy mein and tilting stance, poised on
Your base of stone; Knight of a thousand
Conflicts won, awaiting a thousand more!
Till, reft with age, and battled sore, but ne'er
With spirit bent, you fall some day, as *heroes*
May, — with face full fronting the foe!

SUNSET TRYST

We meet Thee each evening
As day's evanescence
Thy Palpitant Presence
In Beauty enshrines:

In lush intermovements of wild winds about us,
In liltings of waters agleam in the bay,
In sun-lumined splendors dissolving before us,
In dimness of mountains far fading away.

We pledge Thee our homage
In wordless devotion;
In pulsing emotion
We plight Thee our faith:

Ah, life may be broken in bitter commotion,
Or grandly allured by visions high-born:
Yet, ne'er will we fail Thee in duty's devotion,
But keep our tryst true, till eternity's morn.

THE TRAIL OF THE SUN

There's a trail at Minniwanca,
A glory spangled trail,
That strikes across the waters
To the sun;
And the blue and silver waters,
The opal-tinted waters
Stand on either side, in smiles,
To see it run;
While the sky, in silent wonder,
In luster-lumined wonder,
Waits to welcome it, triumphant,
When it comes.

And I sail that trail each evening
In a vessel built of dreams,
That golden trail that runs to
Meet the sun;
And my sails, of fancies woven,
Now white, now rose, now golden,
Filled with winds of aspiration,
Bear me on;
And the trail of light I follow
Leads me always to the place
Where the twilight and the dawning
Are as one!

ON VESPER DUNE

The endless spread of a sibilant lake
  In silvery grays and blues,
The measureless arch of an evening sky
  In glowing sunset hues.

The silken voices of formless winds
  In vanishing airs of grace,
The pulse of a Presence infusing all
  In the infinite hush of space.

Oh, hallowed be Thy name, Oh Lord,
  All hallowed be Thy name;
In heaven above, on earth below,
  Most hallowed be Thy name!

MYSTERY NIGHT

A Song

Would thou were here, my love, my love,
  To walk in the woods with me;
The moon is bright with miracle light,
  And the woods are wooing and calling tonight,
And I'm lonely, my love, for thee.

Would thou wert here, my love, my love,
  To glide o'er the lake with me;
The moon is touching with silvery beam
  The calm cool waters that glisten and gleam,
And I'm lonely, my love, for thee.

Would thou wert here, my love, my love,
  To dream on the marge with me;
Fairies and fays in frolic and play
  Are lilting a-trip of the moonbeam ways,
And I'm lonely, my love, for thee.

Would thou wert here, my love, my love,
  To drift and dream with me;
On this fancy-full night, with mystery rife,
  I am dreaming of love, of love and of life,
Dreaming . . . alone . . . of thee.

IN A BOSTON CHURCHYARD

The dust of dead men deep in ancient tombs,
With slabs of ancient grey to mark their resting;
The upward lift and spread of branching trees,
With happy song birds busy at their nesting;
And through the leaves a slender spire of grey,
In lofty inclination upward tending;
And far above, against an open sky,
Stray wisps of cloud, in filmy forms unending:

Long, long I gazed from dust to sky; from sky
To dust again; and up and down through all
The different forms that intervened in space;
In wonderment that such disparity
Should correlate so artlessly in one;
Till wonder, deeply glowing, rose in song:

Holy, Holy, Holy,
Ineffable yet lowly,
Thou who by thy presence dost
All being sublimate;
Humbly we adore Thee,
Contritely implore Thee,
Lovingly infold Thee,
Spirit Immanent.

REVERIE OF A TWICE - BORN

I JOHN 4:7b

When first you came to me,
Long, long ago,
'Twas on an April morning,
Cool and still;
While yet the eastern sky
Had scarce begun to pearl
With fluent light.

How silently you came!
Fresh from new-blown meadows;
Your lustrous hair diademed in dew;
Your feet dew-sandalled;
Your swaying form faint with light,
And balmy with odors of spring.

Dewy violets were in your hands;
And you placed them on my breast,
To nestle there confidingly,
And breathe their meaning into me.

Was it the lure of distant longing in your eyes
That woke me then to startled ecstasy?
Some new creative potency, breathed softly from
your breast?
I know not. Yet, this I know! All in a moment,
Swift as a flash of newly stricken flame,
I leapt to life, new born within, a *Loving Soul!*

One by one the years have come and gone,
Swifter than shadows by fleeing cloudlets cast;
Yet, the breath of violets fills my brain tonight,
And the pulse of your sigh, my heart!

Breath of Thy Living Breath am I, in glad emancipation!
Pulse of Thine ever pulsing Life, in throbbing exultation!
Fount of my rising love art Thou, my heart's deep elation!
Flame of my ascending song, my endless jubilation!

RESTLESSNESS

Slowly the leaves
Are turning,
Turning,
Turning to colors
Of death;

Deeply my heart
Is yearning,
Yearning,
Yearning for Thee,
And rest.

Softly the leaves
Are falling,
Falling,
Falling to earth
And death;

Canst Thou not hear
Me calling,
Calling,
Calling for Thee,
My Rest?

THE FIDDLER OF SUMMER STREET

With sightless eyes
And crooked knee,
And little in life
But poverty,
He stands each day
With form awry,
And plays glad tunes
For the passers by.

GETHSEMANE

A Hymn of Homage

Master of manhood, Lord of life,
Lover of mankind everywhere,
Thine was the triumph of sacrifice,
The threnody of prayer!

Christ of the realm of righteousness,
Lord of the regnancy of soul,
Thine is our homage, in humbleness,
Our fealty, in love!

Triumph of manhood, Light of life,
Essence of God's eternal care,
Grant us anew Thy cup to drink,
Thy baptism to share.

THE GARDEN AND THE TOMB

God placed the first man whom he made
Within a garden fair,
And walked with him in the cool of the day
And talked with him in that intimate way
That a God may assume
Toward one with whom
He would fellowship alway:
Yet, there in the shade of that garden fair,
Man found the way of sin and despair
And the Silent gloom of the tomb!

They laid the Christ in an empty tomb
Within a garden fair,
Those friends of his,—at the end of a day
Of dark despair; and went their way
In sorrow and gloom
Over one with whom
They had hoped to reign alway:
But, out of the gloom of that sepulchre
He walked to life, in that garden fair,
And shattered with light, the tomb!

SUBLIMATION

What is love,
But heaven's purest
Distillation
Of earth's most fluent
Passion and pain?

LYRICISM

As sky-larks sing to the open sky,
And rivers sing to the sea,
So let me sing an open song
Of a life that runs to Thee.

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving time will soon be here,
And I shall thankful be
For every blessing Thou hast sent,
But most of all, for Thee!

DIMINUENDO

I laid at your feet a rose wreath of love:
His was of gold: — was it fate?
I opened my heart for comradeship;
You entered his mansion, in state!

And that's why I sing no more, love,
And that's why I've no more to say;
The magic of words has left me, love,
And song has trembled away!

Only . . . . . an inward moaning . . . . .
Like the moaning . . . . . of the sea;
And wistful . . . . . fitful . . . . . longings . . . .
Like mists . . . . . far out . . . . . on the lea!

THE PLAINT OF THE GOURD

Jonah 4:6-7

Wilted and lone,
I am waiting to die;
Blighted and burned
By the self-same sun
That woke me at morn
Exhilarant with love.

GENEVA CAMP FANCIES

Only a moon in an open sky
  Enveiling a lake in her light;
But I shall be riding o'er waters that foam[1]
  Midst medleys of youthful delights.

Only the rustle of vagrant winds
  Confusing the tree tops so tall;
But I shall be hearing a tumult of prayers[2]
  On hillsides where sun settings fall.

Only a wood on a darkling night
  A-drip with the tremble of stars;
But I shall be gazing on young friendship fires[3],
  And warming my heart at their bars.

'Two pleading hands, alone, I'll raise
In "Wakonda de du" at night;
But I shall envision a thousand white hands[4]
Encircling a Council of Light.

And I'll pray that Wakonda, regnant, wise,
And compassing all in His ruth,
May brighten within us the fires of Love[5],
And Courage, and Beauty, and Truth.

Till ever expanding in circling array
Ten thousand times thousands, imbued,
Shall join in the Kingdom's Grand-Council of Life[6],
Aflame with His Infinitude.

1. The annual moonlight boat ride.
2. The camper method of praying in concert.
3. The group parties.
4. The Omaha Tribal Prayer at Council Circle.
5. The fourfold fires at Grand Council.
6. Grand Council.

VESPERS

The robin is
At evensong;
Hush, O my heart,
And pray!

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Warmingham, Osbert
Wrightman.

Flutes of summer

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